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A Short Sketch of the Life of Jules Leon Cottet, a Former Member of the Icarian Community.*

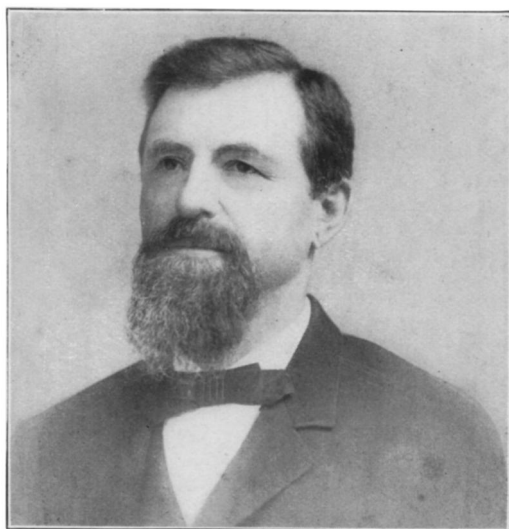
BY HIS DAUGHTER, FELICIE COTTET SNIDER.

Jules Leon Cottet was born at Troyes, France, May 4, 1835. His father, Ambrose Napoleon Cottet, was a prominent teacher and scientist, a pupil of Leannier, succeeding him; and vice-president for many years of the Geological Society of France, of which Cassimer Perier, father of the late president of the Republic, was president.

To understand aright the character of Jules Cottet, one must know a little of his father, and his early life with this teacher.

The elder Cottet was a deep thinker, so lost in his books and calculations that he had little time or inclination for other affairs, being peculiarly incapable of handling money. The mother was seldom spoken of by Jules, evidently the home life was not a happy one. She did indeed desert her family, leaving a baby, Charles, for the father and Jules to care for. One older brother had been killed in infancy by the careless handling of the nurse. There was another brother, Pierre, and two sisters, Hannah and Felicie. The girls were taken by relatives and the father kept the baby. The care of this brother fell largely upon Jules. The little fellow must have had a very eventful babyhood, according to his brother's description of his raising. Jules once saved this brother from drowning, but a number of years after while in swimming at the very same place, Charles was drowned in full view of a number of his companions.

*For an account of the Icarian Community of which Mr. Cottet was a member and at one time secretary, written by Mrs. I. G. Miller, see Publication No. 11, Illinois State Historical Society, 1906, p. 108.



JULES LEON COTTET



AMBROSE NAPOLEON COTTET

Jules was in every way his father's helper, companion and, one might say, business manager. When the father was paid for some finished work, he gave the son the money to be used for household expenses. That is, if he could arrive home safely with it, without having to pass a book-stall. His passion was books. If he saw one that he desired and had money in his pocket, forgotten were such humdrum things as food and clothing. The book became his, and the money slipped easily through his fingers. One time he arrived home, bubbling with joy and elation over a recent purchase, displaying with much pride several bulky volumes. The son eyed him severely, asking, "Father, where is the money you were to receive today?" The father flushed guiltily, displaying the few remaining pieces of money.

"And what do you expect us to buy bread with?" demanded the son. "I never thought of that," was the meek rejoinder, and so it was always.

The father was a man with a wonderful scientific mind, a big heart, a gentle, simple child-man. Jules fairly worshiped him. He went everywhere with him on his expeditions. One who often accompanied them was Casimer Perier himself. He was a man of wealth, but he would don a blouse, and together they would set forth in search of geological specimens. The future president of the French Republic was then but a little child, and Mr. Cottet often laughingly referred to the times when he and his father dined with the elder Perier and he rode Casimer upon his foot. For this friendship, Perier when president, aided Mr. Cottet to obtain a pension from the Republic, and provided a source of income for the one remaining sister, Felicie.

The success of the great artesian well at Grenelle, near Paris was indirectly due to the efforts of A. N. Cottet. The well was started in 1834 and after reaching a depth of 1,254 feet, the drills broke and fell to the bottom of the hole. Much time was lost in recovering them. The French government finally decided to give up the work. Dominique Francois Arago consulted with Cottet, whose calculations proved con-

clusively that the location of the bore was correct. Arago, a firm friend and believer in the elder Cottet, prevailed upon the authorities to continue the work. Mr. Cottet went back to his work confident that the water would be found. Drilling to a depth of 1,800 feet proved the correctness of the theory. In February, 1841, the water suddenly spouted upward at the rate of six hundred gallons a minute, with a temperature of 82° Fahrenheit.

A messenger was dispatched to Cottet with the news. To the man's excited words, "The water has come! The water has come!" Cottet quietly answered, "I knew it would."

For his contribution to science and his splendid work in educational advancement, A. N. Cottet was awarded a medal by the French Government. Three medals were struck to be presented to those three men who had contributed the most toward the advancement of science and learning. A. N. Cottet was awarded that of silver, which medal is still in the possession of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Jules Cottet.

Mr. Cottet's people were naturally all Catholics, except the father. They even boasted of two prominent churchmen in the family. It was the ambition of one of these, who was a bishop, for Jules to devote his life to the church. So Jules served his time as altar boy, but his father's scientific instructions, together with a very enquiring mind often plunged the boy into heated discussions with his uncle. He demanded explanations of unexplainable religious subjects, his persistence earning him many a punishment. Many doubts took form in the boy's mind at this time. Doubt soon turned into disbelief, and soon the boy was following his father's footsteps, and became a firm agnostic. An incident in connection with the Church was responsible for a tragedy in their family that did much to turn the boy violently against the Church. A relative entered a convent. Soon after taking the veil, Jules' father received word that she was ill. He immediately went to the convent to see her,—and was denied admission. Soon came the news of her death. None of her family were permitted to see her, and she was supposedly buried in the convent, as was the

custom at that time. Naturally that, and other acts of the Church, discriminating against his father because of his unbelief, turned the boy bitterly against the Mother Church, which attitude he held throughout his life.

Jules' grandfather, a veteran of the first Napoleonic wars, wanted the boy to become a sailor, but it was of no use, he could never find his sea-legs, being constantly sick on board any vessel, to the disgust and disappointment of the old gentleman, who had spent many hours teaching the boy fencing. His instructions, however, were not wasted, as it made a splendid swordsman of the boy, giving him grace and suppleness and a wonderfully strong and quick wrist.

At the age of twelve he entered Chalons-Sur-Marne, a school that still enjoys much distinction. Here his mechanical genius was given splendid training; it was here he received the foundation for his skill as a machinist and engineer. While attending this school he met with his first adventure.

On September 18, 1848, a revolutionary uprising occurred at Frankfort-on-the-Main, the object of which was the establishment of a German national assembly and a German republic. Mr. Cottet and a number of other boys of the school went to Mainz. There they found all in confusion, no head, no leader, to the uprising. They wanted to return to France,—the Prussians were between them and their home land. Also, they feared arrest in France. So they made their way down the Rhine to Switzerland. There they met Garibaldi's recruiting officers, and enlisted under his banner.

By that time the liberal movement in Rome had become too strong for the Pope to control. Count Rossi, an avowed antagonist of the liberal movement, was appointed to the head of the ministry. The Roman people were indignant. On November 15, 1848, Rossi was assassinated on the steps of the assembly house. Republican volunteers under Garibaldi proceeded to the Pope's palace; a hand to hand encounter with the papal guards ensued. Mr. Cottet and his comrades were engaged in this fight. Jules found himself fighting desperately with one of the guards. In the struggle, they fell and rolled into the

trench. Jules found himself on top and proclaimed his captive prisoner. After the fight Garibaldi pinned upon his coat a medal taken from the breast of the captive. That was the only way he could acknowledge service rendered under his flag.

The Pope fled on November 23. He appealed to the Roman Catholic powers for aid. Republican France responded in April, 1849, with General Oudinot and four thousand men. During the siege of Rome, Garibaldi escaped. Not much choice was there for the boy soldiers. If they remained in the city, and were taken by French soldiers, it would go hard with them; also it was almost certain death to try to escape. For days Mr. Cottet was kept in hiding by a kind family, but finally escaped and made his way back to France and home. His father and the family doctor swore to the authorities that the boy had been ill in bed all the time, and thus the evil results of the escapade were avoided. He returned to school, but not for long.

Already the plans for Napoleon's coup d'état were fast nearing completion. On the night preceding the 2nd of December, 1851, Napoleon ordered all Republicans to be arrested in their beds. Mr. Cottet and father were of this number, also the sister Hannah and her husband. Pierre, the older brother, then about twenty-one, was killed behind the barricades. Felicie was in a convent, so escaped.

Without trial of any kind, the prisoners were numbered and thrown into the casements at Fort Bicetre, to await death. The casements were built of stone, resembling large cisterns. They had been built to serve as storerooms for ammunition. The suffering in these prisons became awful. Soon they became foul and many men fell sick.

On the 2nd of December, 1851, in the morning, Napoleon proclaimed himself president for ten years; in the evening proclaimed himself emperor. The court of commissions, for trying the prisoners, consisted of three officers, Espenais being one, appointed by Napoleon. Mr. Cottet saw the companion who had been chained to his wrist, dragged away, and heard the report that killed him. Many years later, in peace and prosperity, when Mr. Cottet became ill, his mind would wander

back to those days of horror and the companion of his misery. "Berg" would be the first name on his lips. With delirium racking him, he would call "Berg! Berg!" then listen intently as if waiting for the sound of guns, and then fall back upon his pillow weeping and moaning, "They've killed him! They've killed him!" So do such fearful times impress themselves upon the brain!

When the authorities found it politic to cease shooting their prisoners, the court of commissioners held a trial for the remainder. The trial consisted of one question, "Are you a Republican?" Upon answering "Yes," the prisoner was ordered, "deporte to Africa," "deporte to Corsica—to Cayenne," etc. Mr. Cottet and father were sent to Africa, the sister Hannah and husband were deported to Corsica.

Camp Biercadem, a detention camp near Algiers, received the prisoners. Here again the suffering was fearful. The food given them was unfit to eat. They drank water from stagnant streams. Cholera broke out, and scores succumbed to the dread disease. The well were forced to care for the sick. The boy Jules, with many others, was put to work sewing the bodies in sacks for burial. Trenches were dug and the bodies tumbled in. Often, many a poor wretch was consigned to this common grave before life was quite extinct. Cholera passed by the boy Jules, but from drinking the foul water, poisoned by the heavy growth of oleanders along the bank, he succumbed to and almost died of dysentery. A kindly and influential Arab, who had taken a liking to the boy, took him to his tent and cared for him, feeding him entirely on Barbary figs and purified water until his complete recovery. Mr. Cottet always spoke with deep feeling and gratitude of this Arab. After cholera had desperately thinned the ranks of the prisoners, they were given the town of Algiers for a prison. This was an advantage, for they could obtain employment and thus buy better food. Every prisoner was marked by having to wear a blue coat, on the back of which was a large white circle containing the words, "Political Prisoner."

Despite the fact that he was a prisoner, Jules found much enjoyment in his new surroundings. Once he obtained permis-

sion to go with his father and others into the Atlas Mountains. There he had his first experience of being above a storm. The reverberating thunder in the mountains made an impression never forgotten.

He often spoke, too, of the natural race course upon the Plain of the Metidja, that vast level situated between the north slope of the Lesser Atlas and the Sahel. It varies from three to five leagues in breadth, forming a semi-circle of about fifteen leagues, touching the sea at the Fort of Maison Carree, a little to the east of Algiers and just below Scherschell. Several Roman roads used to cross it, and it was doubtless one of these that was used for the races. Mr. Cottet never enjoyed watching a horse race on a modern track. He always said there was no sincerity in modern racing, and would add, "You should have seen the Arabs race upon the Plain of the Metidja. No mile tracks there, but for many miles we could see the white robes of the Arabs and the eager, splendid horses, each interested on being first."

Upon receipt of news of fresh trouble in France, the prisoners were again confined, this time in Fort Bab Azoun, a fort built straight up from the sea, and located two-thirds of a mile from Algiers. It is a single rectangle of masonry, with an elevation of fifty feet. Here again agonies were endured from improper feeding and unclean surroundings. It was from this place that Mr. Cottet, bidding his father farewell, leaped into the sea in company with several others, and was picked up by a small smuggling vessel and taken to Spain. He never saw his father again.

Across Spain they needs must walk. Mr. Cottet often told of the extreme religious fanaticism that prevailed there at that time. On their tramp they passed many shrines, set up at street corners.

Jules, bitter and sarcastic against the Faith, was tempted to laugh, as he saw many Spaniards kneel before these shrines. One who was with him gave the warning, "Don't laugh, Jules, or you will have a knife in your back. They are quick to resent any ridicule of their faith."

The fugitives finally reached San Sebastian. Near there, at another small port, they found a sailing vessel flying the stars and stripes, just ready to set sail. They went aboard and were safe from pursuit.

Then followed a long voyage, not one day of which passed without Mr. Cottet being violently seasick. One day, the captain was playing a game of chess on deck. Jules lay on the deck near by, deathly sick. He finally managed to crawl over close to the players so he could see the board. The captain, noticing the lad's interest, asked him if he could play. With pencil, Jules answered in writing, that he loved the game. This interested the captain in the sick boy, and he did all he could to help him. He was surprised that Jules could write English but could not speak it. The boy explained that he had learned the reading and writing in school, but had not learned to converse. At last the long voyage came to an end, and after fifty-four days, the ship reached New Orleans, October 24, 1854.

Mr. Cottet often told with a grim smile that he had just four cents in his pocket with which to start his life in America. None of the escaped prisoners had any money, but went into a restaurant kept by a Frenchman and explained their plight. He gave them a good meal with pleasure. However, he came to Jules while he was eating and said, "Really, young fellow, don't think I don't want you to have the food, but I fear you are eating too much after the siege you have just passed through." But the famished boy heeded not the warning. He ate until his hunger was appeased and luckily no harm came of it.

He stayed in New Orleans only a few days, then made his way up the Mississippi River to Nauvoo, Illinois, where Etienne Cabet had founded his Icarian Society. He became a member of this society, serving for much of the time as secretary. The Icarians were a communal society. Every one worked for the common good,—no man having more or less than another. According to Cabet's idea, there could be no wealth, but there could also be no poverty. They supported

trades of all kinds, selling outside of the community all that which could not be used. There was a saw-mill, a distillery; they raised fruits and vegetables, and had great numbers of hogs. They all ate together in a common dining-room, the cooking being superintended by a head cook, under whose management the women took turns about doing the work. There was a large assembly hall where all subjects pertaining to the good government of the society were discussed. It is noteworthy to add that the women had the right of voting as well as the men. On Sundays this assembly hall was the scene of much enjoyment, that being the time when all could meet together and enjoy music, theatricals, dancing, etc.

Mr. Cottet's voice was often heard in debate in the assembly; often he argued with Cabet on the impossibility of the society long existing; his argument being that all men are not equal and nothing can make them so. In a society of this kind, the laggard may shirk work and responsibility, to shift the burdens upon his more ambitious brother. The ambitious one will finally become discouraged, as he sees no encouragement for greater effort and loses the incentive to do better work. His theory proved correct, for the society did disintegrate, to Cabet's great grief and disappointment.

During his stay at Nauvoo, Mr. Cottet had another experience with cholera. The branch of the Icarians still in Texas, started by boat to join those in Nauvoo. While on the way cholera broke out, and when the boat reached Nauvoo, many had already died. They landed at night, and smuggled off the sick so the authorities did not know. The dead were buried back of the partly dismantled Mormon temple.

While at Nauvoo, Mr. Cottet married Irma Joureaux. When the society disintegrated they went to St. Louis, Missouri. As he could not speak English, he found difficulty in obtaining employment. He even worked for a time on the levee, carrying heavy sacks and barrels on his back, up the levee from the boat—hard, killing work, with little pay. Finally he found work in Gaty and McCunes' machine shop. While there he almost succumbed to stomach trouble. He wrote to his old



ETIENNE CABET

physician in France, and was advised to move to the country. So he moved to a farm on the Illinois River. Naturally they were very poor. Mr. Cottet hunted and sold his game in St. Louis markets. They suffered great hardships while on the farm, much arising from the fact that they were in a vicious community. His brother-in-law was murdered and doubtless they would all have been if they had stayed.

A cyclone unroofed their log cabin the night that his wife gave premature birth to twins. Finally, almost dead of chills and ague, they left the Illinois bottoms to come to Springfield, Illinois.

When the Civil War broke out he enlisted in Vaughn's Independent Battery, Illinois Light Artillery, and went south with that organization.

On March 10, 1864, Mr. Cottet was promoted by Major General Steele from sergeant of Battery A, Third Illinois Light Artillery, to first lieutenant of Company C, Fifty-seventh Regiment of United States Colored Infantry Volunteers, commanded by Colonel A. B. Morrison. He was mustered out July 13, 1864, by virtue of promotion to captain in Company K, same regiment.

Mr. Cottet was a very able soldier. His thorough knowledge of military tactics and the use of the sword brought him forward as a drillmaster. Many a soldier in the ranks, as well as officers and superior officers, will remember with respect for his ability the "French Yankee," by which name he was usually known. Although Mr. Cottet never was sent to the east, where the most of the big battles occurred, he saw plenty of fighting and had many narrow escapes from death in the Arkansas and Tennessee region. Once, when commanding a gun, a shell exploded so close to him that a piece cut away the ring of his scabbard. Another piece killed a comrade, and another fragment passed almost through the man at his side. This man was considered beyond hope of saving, but did recover, and lives yet, I believe. Another time his horse was shot while in full gallop. Mr. Cottet was hurled over a fence as his horse dropped, and his arm was shattered. He often spoke of the

misery of the people of the south who had lost everything. He was strictly just, and his men knew it and loved him. But for the lawless soldier he had no mercy. His men must forage for food, but he admitted of no theft of other property. Once a soldier brought to him a silver mug he had taken. Mr. Cottet ordered him to return it. The soldier refused. Thereupon he was forced to go back to the house where there were only women. They were all weeping bitterly. Nearly everything they owned had been taken. Now this cup was an heirloom. It was hundreds of years old. Mr. Cottet's anger was aroused by this scene. He ordered the man to return the cup and beg pardon. He would not do so, but instead, flung it to the floor and stamped upon it.

Mr. Cottet was peculiarly able in handling colored troops. They loved and respected him, for the reason that he treated them as men and not as animals, as many officers did. He not only drilled them in military knowledge, but took all the time possible to teach them to read and write. He often said he would much rather command colored troops than the lower class of white men, ("the poor white trash"); they were much more obedient and braver.

Mr. Cottet could not admit of the practice prevalent in the south during the war of snuff-chewing by women. At one time they were quartered at Memphis, Tenn., and the officers were invited to a ball. The best people of the city were present. Mr. Cottet was presented to a number of ladies with whom he was expected to dance. During the conversation he was amazed to see a beautiful girl produce a small box, and a stick with a rag tied around one end. The snuff sticks were moistened, dipped in the snuff and then chewed, the stick moving grotesquely up and down as the girl laughed and talked and chewed. Mr. Cottet watched this for a short time, his amazement quickly turning to disgust, and soon he took his departure, unable to conceal his dislike for such a habit, and refusing to dance with those indulging in it.

Mr. Cottet's ability as a soldier is best told in the words of his superior officers, in letters written to Governor Yates,

at the time of the former's resignation. Copies of the letters follow:

Headquarters First Brigade, Second Division.
Seventh Artillery Corps.
Department of Arkansas.

Devall's Bluff, Arkansas, Aug. 28, 1864.

To His Excellency, Richard Yates, Governor of Illinois:

Sir: I beg leave to offer my testimony as to the fine abilities and efficiency as an officer, and the high character and standing as a gentleman of Captain Jules Cottet, late of the Fifty-seventh United States (Col'd) Infantry.

During a personal acquaintance of more than a year I have ever esteemed Captain Cottet as a high-minded honorable gentleman and one of the best officers, within my acquaintance in the army.

I am Your Excellency,

Your most obedient servant,
William H. Graves,
Colonel Twelfth Michigan Infantry Volunteers,
Commanding Brigade.

Headquarters Battery A,
(Springfield Light Artillery.)
Little Rock, Ark., August, 1864.

Hon. Richard Yates,
Governor of State of Illinois:

Sir—Allow me to introduce to your favorable notice the bearer, Captain Jules Cottet.

Captain Cottet enlisted in this battery at the original organization in Springfield, Illinois, in August, 1862, and served with it faithfully as artificer, corporal and sergeant, until the 8th of March, 1864, when he was promoted to first lieutenant of the Fifty-seventh United States Colored Infantry, and was soon after promoted to captain. He has now resigned for reasons which he will explain.

Captain Cottet fully understands the bayonet and sabre drill, is well posted in light artillery and would make an excellent officer. He is brave and energetic and possesses qualities which are rarely found in the army.

Expressing the wish that you may be allowed to raise more batteries and that I may soon see him in command, I have the honor to be, sir, respectfully your obedient servant,

T. Vaughn,
Captain Commanding.

Headquarters Post of Huntersville.
Huntersville, Arkansas, August 23, 1864.

I take pleasure in bearing testimony to the very superior soldierly qualities of Captain Jules Cotette, late of the Fifty-seventh United States Colored Infantry.

Captain Cottette was sergeant in Vaughn's Battery until last winter, when he was promoted to a lieutenantcy in the Fifty-seventh Regiment, afterwards for merit was made Captain of Company K. But preferring the artillery service, he tendered his resignation, with a view of going into that arm of the service.

I part with Captain Cotette with much regret, and am free to say, I have yet to find in the service his superior in military knowledge, zeal, soldierly and gentlemanly bearing and conduct, and with pleasure commend him to any military authority he may call on for assistance in his new enterprise.

The service ought not to be deprived of the services of such an able man.

Respectfully,
A. B. Morrison,

Colonel Fifty-seventh U. S. Colored Infantry, Comdg. Post.

Mr. Cottet suffered until his death with an affliction contracted while in the army, namely a form of partial paralysis. He had been for many days and nights in the saddle on a forced march, and when he finally reached Little Rock he had

to be lifted from the saddle, his entire right side was paralyzed. In after years he had many of these attacks, sometimes so severe that his family thought the end had come, other times the stroke would last but a short time, soon yielding to prompt treatment with hot applications and massage.

After the war Mr. Cottet had for many years a locksmith shop on North Fourth street, Springfield, Illinois, just back of the old High School. He conducted his business strictly on a cash basis. It mattered not to him whether his customer was rich or poor; the money must be produced before the work left the shop. In that way he built up a good business, and won respect from even those whom he angered by his business methods. He was absolutely honest in all things, many times having been left alone in the vaults of the banks where he was working. He was quick tempered, but a man of his word in every particular. An incident connected with his work will show this. One of the banks had been endeavoring for many days to open a safe. They had had an "expert" who had failed to open it, so they called upon Mr. Cottet. He examined it and in answer to their question, said he would charge them ten dollars to open it. They told him to go ahead. He went to work and in ten minutes the door swung open. When he applied for his pay, he was told ten dollars was too much for the short time he had worked. His answer was, "You paid the other man ten dollars and he did not open it?" "Yes." "And you refuse to pay me what you promised?" "Yes, it is too much for such easy work." "Very well," was his rejoinder, as he slammed shut the door of the safe, "if it is so easy, open it yourself; you owe me nothing!" And he walked out.

The bank officials were frantic. The safe must be opened. They finally swallowed their pride and went to Mr. Cottet's shop. They found him calmly engaged on other work. They apologized and asked him to come back and open the safe and they would pay him the ten dollars.

"Oh, no," was the quick answer. "You'll pay me the ten dollars now for the work I did. Then I'll open it again and you'll pay me ten for that,"—and they did.

He was impervious to graft or bribery in any form. He served the city many years as engineer at No. 2 engine house on Jefferson street between Third and Fourth streets. He could always get more work out of the Silsby engine than any one who handled it after him. As he was an expert mechanic, he did all the repairing, thus saving the city much expense, as otherwise the engine would have had to be shipped away. He gave his time and his skill for this extra work, but as is often the case, the city he served faithfully and honestly, never recognized that service. To illustrate how immune he was from questionable dealing, when the Silsby engine was purchased, the city authorities left the buying of it in his hands, knowing he was entirely capable of making the right purchase. When the representative of the firm called upon him to fix the price "they would charge the city," he found he had a very different man to deal with than any other in his experience. Mr. Cottet absolutely refused to accept any money for the transaction. He told the agent he wanted that engine at the lowest figure they could make it, and there was to be no "extras" tacked on for the city to pay. The representative was disgusted, but he sold the engine on those terms, thus saving the city much money.

This is only one incident of many in Mr. Cottet's life, but it shows the character of the man who had suffered so much.

As though he had not endured enough trouble, Mr. Cottet was doomed to suffer much grief in his domestic life. One child died while he was away during the Civil War. His wife was an invalid for many years. When she died she left two children, Eugene and Leonie.

Mr. Cottet's second marriage was with Clara Wolpert of Belleville, Illinois. To this union were born two girls, Julie and Felicie.

In 1884, when the youngest child was a year old, Mr. Cottet purchased a fruit farm west of Springfield, Illinois, living there until 1904 when, on account of failing health and inability to longer work the farm, he sold it and moved back to town, purchasing a home at 810 Park avenue.

April 27, 1913, Mr. Cottet, his wife and daughter Julie left for Los Angeles, California, hoping the change of climate would benefit him. He was in California only three days, just long enough to see again the ocean, and revive his memories of the dearly loved Mediterranean, when he was stricken with cerebral hemorrhages and died, May 24, 1913.

Mr. Cottet's life was full of great mental and physical suffering. It made of him a man of much strength of character. To many he appeared hard and unfeeling. That was only the outward shell, the mask, that he had schooled himself to wear to hide his inner feelings from those who persecuted him on account of his religious disbelief, and other reasons. He made himself hard, for his was a hard life and many times, no doubt, he missed the sweetness and content that might have been his had he allowed the tender, inner self of him to be revealed.

He was a clear, deep thinker; his father had laid a good foundation; he was well read and a good conversationalist. He was an enthusiastic sportsman, a lover of hunting and fishing. When on account of physical disabilities, he was denied those pleasures, he sought out those who could play with him a game of chess. He enjoyed other games for recreation, but no one could ever persuade him to play for money. Though averse to the theory of total abstinence, he was violently opposed to drunkenness, gambling and all sorts of vice.

To show his remarkable will power when yet a lad is this incident: The boys of his school were discussing the inability of anyone to stop using tobacco. Jules was smoking with the rest. He spoke quickly, "I can stop any time I want to." They laughed at this. He tossed away his cigar, "That's the last time I touch tobacco." And it was. As he grew older it even became most obnoxious to him. It was so with all things, great or small. What he said could be done—must be done. There were never two ways out for him.

This is a very incomplete sketch of Mr. Cottet's life. Only he himself could have written it completely. Before he went to the war, he had written everything connected with his experiences in France and America up to that time. When he re-

turned he found the papers destroyed. He always said he could never rewrite it. He started several times, but always said it brought back so many bitter memories he could not do it.

So his family have tried in this to erect a little memorial by gathering together the few facts with which they were familiar. It is difficult to have a connected account, for Mr. Cottet was very reticent about giving details that are so necessary to a complete sketch. Mr. Cottet always expressed the wish to be cremated. His wish was carried out.

Mr. Charles T. Sprading, president of the Los Angeles Liberal Club, conducted the funeral services. He used these words of Colonel Robert J. Ingersoll:

“My friends, I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words, and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear. Here in this world, where life and death are equal kings, all should be brave enough to meet what all the dead have met. The future has been filled with fear, stained and polluted by the heartless past. From the wondrous tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth, patriarchs and babes sleep side by side.

“Why should we fear that which will come to all that is? We cannot tell, we do not know, which is the greater blessing—life or death. We cannot say that death is not good. We do not know whether the grave is the end of this life, or the door of another, or whether the night here is not somewhere else a dawn. Neither can we tell which is the more fortunate—the child dying in its mother’s arms, before its lips have learned to form a word, or he who journeys all the length of life’s uneven road, painfully taking the last slow steps with staff and crutch.

“Every cradle asks us ‘Whence?’ and every coffin ‘Whither?’ The poor barbarian, weeping above his dead, can answer these questions just as well as the robed priest of the most authentic creed. The tearful ignorance of the one is as consoling as the learned and unmeaning words of the other. No man, standing where the horizon of a life has touched a grave,

has any right to prophesy a future filled with pain and tears.

“May be that death gives all there is of worth to life. If those we press and strain within our arms could never die, perhaps that love would wither from the earth. May be this common fate treads from out the paths between our hearts the weeds of selfishness and hate. And I had rather live and love where Death is king, than have eternal life where Love is not. Another life is nought, unless we know and love again the ones who love us here.

“They who stand with breaking hearts around this grave need have no fear. The larger and nobler faith in all that is, and is to be, tell us that death, even at its worst, is only perfect rest. We know that through the common wants of life—the needs and duties of each hour—their grief will lessen day by day, until at last this grave will be to them a place of rest and peace—almost of joy. There is for them this consolation: The dead do not suffer. If they live again, their lives will surely be as good as ours. We have no fear. We are all children of the same mother, and the same fate awaits us all. We, too, have our religion, and it is this: Help for the living; hope for the dead.”